

The Cat That Went A Long Way

the cat went
a long way
(with help)
a very long way

she came back
(unaided)
and we fed her
bite size pieces
of fish and guilt

mew mew
said the cat
smiling at us
rather
victoriously
I thought

The Way To Truth

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subroutine BH06S (t,ltlas)
dimension T (4)
lt2 equals T (2)
locfi equals 5 plus LT2
1 lochl equals locf1 plus lt2-2
if (lochl - ltas)11,11,6
11 do 2 K equals locfi, lochl
2 t (K) equals alog (T (k))
locfi equals lochl plus 2
go to 1
6 return
```

end

My Canoe Floats Anyway It Wants

& here I am
floating
on a cool day in April
currents taking me
away from you
the sun
shining down boredom
everything naked
& without terror

(mama
you should see me now
your little girl
a mind half gone)

a caught fish
trying to live
in this canoe
the river
makes all the sounds
of the world
I can hear
anything I want
or nothing at all

I can hear the Pope
eating a banana
I can hear Irish battles
I can hear Africa
planting bodies
I can hear oil
drain from the pipes in Alaska
I can hear a rattlesnake
in Mexico
I can hear the snow falling
in Norway

I can hear
your indifference
darling
and now I wish
to hear
nothing more

The Repetition Of Morning & Death & Six O'Clock

The old dog's neck turns. He watches me.
I am sipping gin
at six o'clock in the morning,
and I have built an early fire
to warm the death in me.
Later on I may
masturbate in the shower.
I have escaped death by fire
and falling planes.
It is another morning for me.
More gin. More fire.
More six o'clocks.

The old dog is sly with me.
I am sure he has written
pornographic books
and signed a fictitious name.
Now he thinks he can escape notice
because he is old. Clever canine.
They will believe him before me.

Later on I will let
the old dog out in the yard.
He will watch cars and people pass by.
He will raise his senses
at a bitch in heat. There will
be a lion-type memory.